THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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From a London publication.

SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

AN ENGLISH TALE

THE English are a wise and respectable nation. The immense weight which they have always held in the scale of Europe, their skill in politics, in war, and their sublime discoveries in the sciences, would be sufficient to insure them the most exalted praise, even, if added to this, they did not possess the merit of having been the first modern nation endowed with the two most necessary requisites of man, wisdom and good laws. The English have not taken an unfair advantage of their superiority, which they might have done with great ease; but their good sense taught them not to wish to arrive immediately at that perfection which can only be the fruit of long tried experience. It was their opinion that reason, virtue, and particularly happiness, were only to be acquired by a just medium; and to preserve this liberty, the first gift which man can enjoy, they have confounded this exalted word, and mixed with it the sublime ideas of obedience to the law, respect for the authorities established by the law, and a sacred awe of transgressing against it. On this foundation was quickly erected the unshaken support of liberty, that creative principle of happiness, public spirit.—It is by this alone that the inhabitants of two small islands have often seen themselves the umpires, or the terror of sovereigns, the mediators of Europe; that their fleet, the unrivalled mistress of the ocean, has sailed, and borne terror to the two Indies, and sought their treasures; and that their own happy country, safe from the invasion of strangers, and internal divisions, enjoys the blessings of peace, cultivates the fine arts, possesses riches gathered in every quarter of the globe, and witness the arrival in her harbours of the productions of the whole universe.

It is undoubtedly upon this that they rest the good opinion they entertain of themselves, that estimation in which they hold their own nation as superior to all others They are conscious of their own value, and boldly proclaim it. They disdain to acknowledge the merit and qualities which grow in every land; this gives their very virtues an appearance of pride, which diminishes their lustre, without tar-

ing aught from their real worth. In a word, they care but little for the approbation of others, and the only means of pleasing them is to praise their wisdom.

I have, however, known an Englishman who, in order to avoid these defects, if they may be so termed, fell into the opposite error; he not only laid a great stress upon the opinions of mankind in general, but the wish of pleasing proved the ruling passion of his soul. He was not satisfied with acting right, but wanted to meet with the approbation of the world. His constant rule of conduct was to behave in a manner that none of his actions could be censured; he moreover required that it should be applauded; he longed and pretended to please every body, and this weakness placed his happiness or misery in the power of many.

This young man, the last descendant of a noble and ancient family, inherited but a very small fortune; but nature had amply rewarded him for the scantiness of his purse, by endowing him with every mental and personal advantage. Having lost both his parents in his infancy, the care of his education had devolved on a rich relation, who had thought it was his duty to assist the helplessness of his orphan state, and in due time Sir Edward Seymour completed his studies with great credit, and was presented by his benefactor with a commission in a regiment of cavalry.

Being well aware of his dependant state on his entrance into the world, and fully convinced that if he committed follies, he had no right to expect that they should be overlooked, or even pardoned by his benefactor, Sir Edward determined to avoid committing any, and hitherto he had kept his word. Notwithstanding his youth, and the dangerous examples which surrounded him, never had he in the smallest degree swerved from his duty; but solely employed in the studies necessary to become an experienced officer, he soon obtained a company, with no other protection than his own good conduct, courage, and abilities. Far from being vain of the praises which even his rivals could not refuse him, he would say to them smilingly, "If I am prudent, I only owe it to my inability, if I had committed follies, of paying for them."

Sir Edward's only fault, the weakness I have mentioned, made him attach so much importance to the opinion of others; a weakness doubtless excusable, since it became the source of many virtues. But whether through modesty or pride, which very often resembles each other, the approbation of his conscience did not alone satisfy him. Calumny, or the slightest suspicion respecting his honour, or his morals, would have made

him consider himself the most unhappy of men; and as, notwithstanding the envy which a character like his must naturally excite, no one had dared to insinuate a word against his reputation, and as he received the respect so justly his due, Sir Edward had at last persuaded himself that virtue insured fame, and that though the public are often severe, they nevertheless are just; that those whom they esteem, are always possessed of merit, and those whom they condemn, are worthy of being despised.

During the months Sir Edward Seymour passed in London, he mixed but little in the noisy pleasures of the metropolis; he chiefly resided at the house of Mr. Clements, his benefactor, who treated him in every respect as if he had been his own son. He had a few chosen friends, whom he visited, amongst whom was a lady of the name of Harley, who at the age of one-and-twenty, had been two years a widow. Our hero's acquaintance with this lady had commenced at the house of a relation, where she spent the summer months; and as Sir Edward's regiment was at that period quartered in its vicinity, he had been a frequent visitor there. To know the lovely Mrs. Harley, and not to admire her, was next to an impossibility; and our hero, who possessed all that warm enthusiasm towards those who combine beauty with every feminine virtue, which worthy minds generally feel, thought the fair widow the most perfect of God's creatures. She, on her side, was not blind to the amiable qualities of Sir Edward. She thought she had discovered in him the virtues which she should have wished her partner through life to possess; the husband she had lost had been chosen by her parents; and tho' at the age of sixteen they had forced her to bestow her hand on General Harley, a gentleman just returned from the East Indies, with immense riches, and nearly three times her age, her heart never had any share in this union. Though the fair Eliza had exerted every power to oblige the husband her parents had given her, yet his naturally bad temper, soured by illness, was not calculated to make a lovely young woman happy; but her mild and patient disposition, added to a sense of duty, prompted her to pay him every attention, till, after having been his nurse for three years, death called him away, and left our heroine, at the age of nineteen, once more free, and in the possession of a handsome fortune. Her widowhood was spent partly with her relations, and partly at her house in Upper Grovesnor-street, where one or the other of her female friends generally resided with her.

Sir Edward Seymour, though he could not resist the temptation of visiting at the house of Mrs

Harley, sought carefully to hide his sentiments; he adored the fair widow, and he had every reason to imagine that he had gained an interest in her heart. But she possessed three thousand a year; and what would have become of Sir Edward if the world were to accuse him of seeking to make his fortune by marriage.

He was not, however, totally bereft of hope—Mrs. Harley was engaged in a law-suit, on which depended a considerable part of her fortune.—Sir Edward awaited the issue of it, to bid her an eternal adieu if she gained it; or if the contrary happened, to declare his love. Happily the suit was lost; he no longer balanced, but immediately disclosed the secret of his heart, and revealed to his fair friend what she had long suspected. Mrs. Harley did ample justice to the delicacy of his conduct; and by the gentleness of her reply, fully repaid him for what he had silently endured.

The lovers now confiding in each other, and consoled for the smallness of their fortune, by the felicity attendant on a mutual attachment, had only to fix the day of their marriage. Both at liberty to choose for themselves, they thought no obstacle could intervene to prevent their immediate union. Sir Edward only wished to apprize his cousin, Mr. Clements, of his intention, who still treated him with kindness truly parental, without putting the least restrictions on his actions, fully confident of our hero's prudence. Mrs. Harley, on her side was entirely her own mistress; but the friendship and respect which she bore to an old gentleman, the elder brother of her late husband, made her consider it incumbent on her to consult him before she changed her situation.

This Mr. Harley was rather a singular man; his disposition was completely the opposite to Sir Edward's. As much did this young man respect and fear the opinion of others, as the old gentleman despised every opinion which did not agree with his own. What he had once thought, or advanced, was considered by him as a sacred law, which he could not comprehend why every one did not follow. He had acknowledged, without the least hesitation, that in the whole course of his life he had never been mistaken—that he had never changed his opinion on any subject; for sixty years he had always been in the right.—Setting this aside, he was a man of strict honour, and irreproachable conduct, a good father, and a sincere friend; but an eternal arguer. His method of proving what he had advanced, was to continue to speak, and never to cease; and as he had excellent lungs, and in the end those whom he wished to persuade, tired with listening to him, were glad to let him have his own way, to get rid of him. Mr.

Harley had no doubt but that he had convinced them; and was, in his own opinion, the most able orator in Europe. He had been married in his youth, and was a very affectionate husband; but he would insist upon teaching his wife elocution; and at last, by listening to her husband, poor Mrs. Harley died, completely deprived of her hearing. She left him an only son, who was now pursuing his studies at Oxford, where it was his father's intention that he should remain until he had attained his thirty-first year. While waiting for this period, he continued to argue with unabated vigour; he often visited his sister-in-law, who fully appreciating his excellent qualities, often asked his advice, never contradicted him, and was, in his opinion, the most sensible woman in England.

Mrs. Harley spoke to him of her sentiments for Sir Edward, and of the offer she had received of his hand. Mr. Harley warmly approved her choice. "I have," said he, "for a long time esteemed Sir Edward; he is a man of honour, and possesses no small portion of merit; though his character is deficient in firmness, he is too desirous of pleasing, and has not, for what the world calls polished manners, that dignified contempt, that profound indifference which distinguishes an exalted mind. But I hope this will all come in due time, with a little of my instruction. He has good principles, which form the main point, and if he listen to my advice, I will answer for his soon being totally careless of the opinion of the world."

The fair widow smiled, and the marriage day was fixed. Sir Edward, at the height of his wishes, wrote immediately to his cousin, Clements, who had been for some time at his country-seat, about sixty miles from town. A few hours after he had dispatched his letter, a messenger arrived, who brought the unexpected news of Mr. Clements' sudden death, caused by a fit of appoplexy, which had carried him off in two days. As he was a bachelor, all his relatives had immediately repaired to the mansion, anxious to learn who was heir to his immense property. The will had been read, and the rapacious crew nearly expired with grief on discovering that Mr. Clements had left all his possessions to his cousin, Sir Edward Seymour.

With the will was found a letter, very carefully sealed, and addressed to our hero. The man of business, who had the care of the deceased's affairs, immediately sent this letter to Sir Edward, with a copy of the will. All the relations had withdrawn themselves, with their spirits much more depressed than when they arrived; and Mr. Clements' funeral was only attended by his domestics.

Sir Edward, as much afflicted as astonished, shed sincere tears to the memory of his benefactor. He loved him with a truly filial affection, he was indebted to him for all he possessed; and the opulence he was about to enjoy, could not console him for his loss. Alarmed at the mystery which the letter so cautiously sealed seemed to inclose, he feared to peruse it; and at length determined only to open it in the presence of his beloved Eliza, and his friend, Mr. Harley. With this intention he repaired to Grosvenor-street, and fortunately found them together; he immediately informed them of what had happened, broke the seal, and began to read aloud the letter, which was couched in the following terms:—

(To be continued.)

THE CANNIBAL.

THE appearance of a Cannibal in the midst of one of the most polished nations of the world, and that at a time when affected sensibility has become a fashionable disease among persons of almost every rank, is a singular phenomenon. It affords ample room for reflexion to the moralist and the philosopher, but without encroaching upon their province, we shall confine ourselves to a plain statement of facts.

John James Goldschmidt, a cowherd at Eichelborn, near Weimar, was born at the village of Hernschwegen, received as much instruction in the Christian religion as his simple schoolmaster could, or would give him, married at the age of twenty-seven, and afterwards continued for the same number of years to follow his occupation. During all this time, nobody had perceived in him any thing remarkable, except that he was immoderately choleric, and had a certain roughness of manner, which characterizes people of that class. Thus uniformly passed his life, till his fifty-fifth year, in 1771, when a general scarcity prevailed in the greatest part of Germany, and among the rest, in that country in which he lived. Nevertheless, this scarcity did not contribute to the atrocious crime to which he was instigated by an extraordinary propensity; for the same day it was committed, his wife had brought home a supply of bread from Weimar. He had no debts, and possessed some poultry. A widow, named Schonemann, had sent her daughter, about eleven years of age, early in the morning, to school; but at noon the child did not return as usual. The mother, fearing lest some accident might have befallen her, made enquiries concerning her of all the neighbours, and among the rest, of Goldschmidt. The latter said he had seen her near a certain pond. The pond and the well near it, were carefully examined, but without success

A suspicion arose that he had made away with the child, as it was recollected that he had advised the killing and eating of children. One of his female neighbours had moreover remarked that on the day the child was missed, Goldschmidt had been extremely busy at home, that she observed him twice at the door looking about, as if to see whether any body was near, and then carrying a bundle of clothes under his coat into a neighbour's empty house, from which he returned without it. This circumstance the mother mentioned to the justice of the village. On strictly searching the above mentioned house and cellar, they found some articles of wearing apparel, and thirty-six mangled portions of the girl's body, such as a considerable part of the brain, the reticular membrance, the lungs, the liver, the right kidney, and the bowels, which were cut through in more than one place; great part of the scalp. the lower lip, together with the skin torn from the chin and throat, and the upper extremity of the windpipe adhering to it. Under the chin was an oblique wound, two inches in length, and upon the scalp a large bloody spot. In Goldschmidt's house they perceived a strong smell of burning, and found in the ash-pit of the stove, a handful of singed hair, a piece of half-burned skin and some pictures belonging to the catechism; and in the baking trough a piece of flesh boiled or roasted, that appeared to belong to the thigh, and weighed half a pound.

In consequence of this discovery, Goldschmidt was taken into custody, and made the following confession of his crime :—About the hour of eleven the girl was passing by his door, and at his invitation, went with him into the room, where he promised to shew her the clock. While the girl was looking at it, and simply asking what the live thing at the top was, he seized her behind, deliberately, and without any provocation, by the cap and the hair, intending to cut her throat, but as he could not do it immediately, he strnck her with the hatchet on the head, and after chopping at her neck, at length twisted it completely off. The child breathed twice before the fatal blow was inflicted; the blood spirted against the wall, and the murderer followed up the deed he had begun. He stripped the corpse, threw the head, the arms, and the legs, together with the school books, into the oven, cut up the rest of the body, so that his wife might not discover what it was, concealed the best pieces on the ground, with the intention of regaling on them while watching during the night; buried the intestines in the dunghill, and carefully washed and sanded the floor; after which he ate, out of curiosity, a piece of the boiled and roasted flesh, and next day carried his provision into the cellar of the empty house. He

declared that he had often eaten with his wife the flesh of dead sheep and calves, and of dogs which he killed; and that for some time he had been so familiar with the thoughts of murder, that it was perfectly indifferent to him whether he killed a beast or a man. That the wife had no knowledge of, or share in the crime, was attested by her husband, and a great number of witnesses, but had unwittingly partaken of the flesh of the innocent girl. She likewise deposed, that whenever her husband was in a passion, murder was always the first thing he talked of, that he was continually morose and passionate, but never pensive or frantic, and had sometimes stolen trifling articles from the neighbours.

No sooner was this wretched man convicted of one murder, than he began to be suspected of another. In his house were found clothes which manifestly were not his own. Goldschmidt likewise confessed this crime, of which he gave the following particulars:— A few days after Michaelmas, 1771, he was, as usual, driving his cattle about noon into what is called the Jesuits' Wood, at the entrance of which, he found a young man about twenty-four years of age, standing in a travelling-dress, and who frightened the animals. Goldschmidt abused him, the traveller denied that he was in fault; they came to blows, and the former, with his thick stick, gave the stranger such a violent stroke behind the left ear, that the blood immediately flowed copiously, and the unfortunate man fell dead upon the ground. His limbs were still convulsed, when the wretch, with a few more strokes, made them quiet forever. The murderer then carried his victim into the thickest part of the wood, stripped him, cut up the body, and on his return home, he always carried a piece with him in a bag, covered with brush-wood. It was then that he acquired an appetite for human flesh. It was boiled and roasted, the remainder was kept on the ground; and because it soon became putrid, some of it was likewise boiled for the dog, who was himself afterwards killed and eaten. His wife was allowed to partake of this repast; but she was unable to chew the mutton as he called it, and said it must have been a confounded old sheep, at which the murderer laughed most heartily.

During Goldschmidt's confinement, the physician to the prison went thither unknown to him, to see whether he could discover any symptoms of insanity, which his advocate had alledged in his defence. He found nothing, however, to corroborate that assertion; Goldschmidt spoke sensibly and coherently, and among other things said that the dog's flesh tasted better than human flesh, for the latter was too sweet and somewhat nauscous; and that it was impos-

sible to eat the liver of the child, on account of its excessive bitterness.

The tribunal of Jena therefore, sentenced him, as a convicted murderer, to be broken alive upon the wheel, and his body to be left on it. This sentence was executed on the 24th of June, 1772, at Berka, on the Ilm.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE;

OR,

ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF BEAUTY.

Of the Vices of the skin.

THE skin is subject to an infinite number of diseases, most of which require the aid of medical art; but how many females are there, who, neglecting to have recourse to it, suffer certain cutaneous affections, which if properly treated at their commencement, would have disappeared speedily, and without inconvenience, to take such deep root as not only to become extremely difficult, but even frequently dangerous to cure. It is with a view to prevent an evil which is but too common, that we shall enable our readers of either sex, to apply a speedy remedy on the first appearance of the evil. I say of either sex, for if the men ought to leave the women those precautions which tend to the embellishment of the skin, or as some ancient authors express it, to the illustration of the face, still they should equally with the fair sex adopt the means of preventing those hideous disorders which compromise health no less than beauty.

I shall not forget that we have physicians, and shall not encroach too far upon their province; I shall even frequently endeavour to persuade my readers to have recourse to their talents, and to prevent cases when it would be imprudent leave them entirely to their own management.

I shall therefore treat only of the most commoa cutaneous diseases, and shall consider them rather as accidents destructive of beauty, than as sickly affections; introducing nothing but the ordinary practice, and what is adapted to the capacity of all. It is for this reason that I have entitled this chapter—Of the *vices*, and not of the *diseases* of the skin. The latter would have required too extensive a developement for the plan which I have chalked out.

I shall commence with that disease of the skin called by the French *couperose*. It is a redness accompanied with reddish pimples, scattered over the whole face. These pimples sometimes resemble drops of blood, which has occasioned this disease to be termed *gutta rosacea*. It proceeds from a bad state of the liver. Its cure, therefore, falls within the province

of medicine, and if I treat of it here, it is principally with the intention of shewing the danger that is incurred by striving to cure it merely by topical applications.

This affection is often the consequence of the excessive use of wine, as among the inhabitants of Friesland and the Netherlands, where this disease is extremely frequent; but it may likewise proceed from other causes, since we often see that persons of the greatest sobriety are not exempt from it. It particularly attacks the nose, which greatly disfigures, and which sometimes grows to a prodigious size.

This redness, and these pimples, proceeding, as we have observed, from a vice of the liver, they cannot be cured without removing that vice, be its cause what it will. Any other cure would be merely a palliative. It is, therefore, very dangerous to confine one's self to external remedies, and especially to topical repellents, such as salt of saturn, which some quacks are not afraid to employ, without accompanying it with an internal treatment. It is then a misfortune to be successful, and the more speedy the effect of this topical, the more pernicious it is, because you strike in a humour which nature was striving to expel. This humour being thus repelled, may occasion the greatest derangements in the system, and even produce incurable diseases, by attaching itself to some important viscus, and disturbing its functions. The patient may then think himself fortunate if he can again drive out externally, that humour, against which he has closed every outlet; but this it is commonly very difficult to effect. Instances have been known of persons perishing because they imprudently cured a too inveterate couperose.

[*To be continued.*]

A GHOST EATER!

The most sure way to get rid of a troublesome ghost, would certainly be to eat him up, if he were eatable. That such a thing has been done, we are assured by a very serious writer, who was an eye witness of the scene. Hear him.

Freem. Jour.

Among the many people who have had courage and learning to lay spirits and ghosts, G W. Salomine may be reckoned and esteemed the most considerable and knowing; for he made a fortune, and raised an estate by this very trade; and is said to have laid 1379 souls in the Red Sea, a place which I know by experience, and by examination, have found all ghosts and spirits are most afraid of; and this, I think, proves Salomine's power to be very great, as it is a place they would not but by force have went into.

It is to be remarked that Salomine was the seventh son of his father and mother, who was a vir-

tuous woman; and he had also a wonderful faculty of curing all diseases with a touch.—Such surprising power is there in some people. Yet this gentleman was not more to be thought of than an acquaintance of mine, an Oxford scholar, who to my certain knowledge and belief, hath cured many disorders, and allayed ghosts of many disturbed people, when no other person could do them. In the village where I lived, I do know that there was a great house a mansion-house, haunted by a spirit that turned itself into a thousand shapes and forms; but generally came in the figure of a *boiled scrag of mutton*, and had baffled and defied the learned men of both universities, but this being told to my friend, who was a descendant and relation of the learned *Friar Bacon*, he undertook to lay it, and that even without his book, and 'twas done in this manner—He ordered some water to be put in a clean skillet that was new, and had never been on the fire. When the water boiled, he himself pulled off his hat and shoes, and then took seven turnips, which he pared with a small pen-knife, that had been rubbed and whetted on a loadstone, and put them into the water. When they were boiled, he ordered some butter to be melted in a new glazed earthen pipkin, and then mashed the turnips in it. Just as this was finished, I myself saw the ghost in the form of a *boiled scrag of mutton*, peep in at the window, which I gave him notice of, and he stuck his fork into him, and sowsed both him and the turnips into a pewter dish, and eat both up; and the house was ever afterwards quiet and still. Now this I should not have believed, nor thought true, but I stood by and saw the whole ceremony performed.

DESCRIPTION OF VIRTUOUS LOVE.

It glows, but schorches not; it enlightens, but hurts not; it burns, but consumes not; it glitters, but dazzles not; it refines without destroying; and is painful though pleasant.

MAXIMS.

To be friendless, is the worst condition on earth, next to being in want.

Eminence is ever joined with peril, obscurity with peace.

The best deservings may want. No man should be contemned for his necessity.

There can be no greater object of compassion, than a person we love in the wrong.

He knows not what is sweet who knows not what is sour. Health is known by sickness, wealth by want.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening was presented the celebrated tragedy of the *Gamester*, on which evening was announced the first appearance, on the American boards, of Mrs. Mason, from the Edinburgh theatre. The house, at an early hour, was unusually crowded, and the audience was on the tiptoe of expectation for the appearance of one who had excited so considerable a degree of interest. She met with a very flattering reception, and an anxious public boded much pleasure from her performance. Her figure is commanding; tall, and well proportioned. At first she seemed much embarrassed, and evinced a degree of timidity, which was apparent in no uncommonly scrutinizing eye, but by gradation she became more familiar, and at length seemed perfectly at home. Her conception of the part was, in *our* opinion, by no means correct; her gesticulation was tolerable, but her declamatory manner of utterance was not such as would please an American audience, whatever she may have been used to on the other side of the Atlantic. She seems to have an uncommon liking to the upper part of the house, whether it can be that it is so much smaller than those she has been accustomed to, we do not know, but as it is, it certainly wants correction; her head is continually askance, with her mouth somewhat extended, which situation we feel no very ardent inclination to sanction. These are the most prominent obstacles she is likely to encounter in her advancement upon the American stage, which, if duly attended to, may in a very short time be effaced, and her performance rendered pleasing. The other performers acquitted themselves with much credit, particularly Mr. Young, who gained much applause by his masterly performance of the arduous character of *Stukely*. We do not recollect to have seen this gentleman appear to more advantage than he did this evening, and we think, should he succeed in every instance in a like manner, he may rest assured of the liberal patronage of a discerning public. To say any thing in favour of the *Beverly* of Mr. Cooper, would be but useless; we do not think he could have played it with more credit to himself; and the satisfaction of the audience was evinced throughout with uncommon marks of approbation. To pass over in silence the performance of our new acquaintance, Mr. Collins, would be but too negligent, nor do we wish to assert our anticipations too confidently, but we can have no hesitation in pronouncing him a valuable acquisition to our but too feeble company. His acting was extremely well calculated to inspire the audience with much confidence in his future attempts, and in this instance, with a few trifling

exceptions, he deservedly received their applause.

The dress of Mr. DOYLE seems to be a decided contrast to the rest of the characters, he being an associate and tool of *Stukely's*, and a gamester also. We cannot admit the idea of his being so superbly attired; his dress was rich and brilliant enough for any lord in the kingdom, while his associates were dressed in a style not above the fashion of modern times. We think the contrast too wide, and the appearance ridiculous. His performance was very well.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. MASON was announced for a second appearance, but was prevented by indisposition, (which may have been the cause of her not doing justice to the part of *Mrs. Beverly* on Monday evening) thro' which means we were enabled to witness an earlier performance of a candidate for our favour, in the person of Mr. SIMPSON, who came out with Mrs. Mason, under the same engagement. Mr. Simpson made his debut in the character of *Harry Dornton*, in the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*. Various conjectures were afloat respecting his performance, and many were prejudiced with the idea that he would fall short of what they had a right to expect from him; but his appearance dispelled every fear. He played the part extremely fine, yet not without visible embarrassment, which rendered his voice in many instances rather feeble. He possesses a fine figure, good voice, and every requisite for an excellent performer, and we have no doubt but that a few subsequent trials will present to us as excellent a comedian as has adorned our stage these many years.

THEATRICUS.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like; but who would wish to escape unpleasing objects, by condemning himself to perpetual darkness.

The labor of the body frees men from the pains of the mind; hence the happiness of the poor. Indolence is a kind of suicide; the man is destroyed, though the appetites of the brute remain.

Prosperity is a stronger trial of virtue than adversity. Many who seem wretched are happy; and many are miserable in the midst of riches. Take from men ambition and vanity, and you will have no heroes nor patriots. The head is mostly the dupe of the heart. Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies. Men judge better for others than themselves.

A due sense of the grandeur of

a man's destination, is a good bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults of temptation.

The greatest object in the universe, said a certain great philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity ; yet there is a still greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it.

A serious mind is the active soil of every virtue, and the single character that does true honor to mankind.

The man acts up to the dignity of his nature, who, convinced of his own imperfections and defects, strives continually to subdue his passions, and overcome his imbecilities.

Charity is the sum and end of the law.

Those wishing to subscribe for the 10th volume, will please send in their names as soon as possible. No discontinuance of subscription can be taken by the collector or carrier, They must make their intention known at the office, nor can it be accepted there, after the publicatiou of the third number.

In consequence of the scarcity of *yellow* paper, I am obliged to issue a blue cover to the Miscellany, as usual.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Richard Doty, to Miss Margaret Titus, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Henry Hubbard, of Boston, to Miss Mary Chadwell, of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the rev. John Williams, Mr. Joseph Morris, to Miss Ann M'Conley, ooth of this city.

On Wednesday evening, the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Howell, Philip Brasher, Esq. to Miss Cornelia Young, grand daughter of Thomas Marston, Esq. all of this city.

At Bedford, Westchester County, on Wednesday, the 18th inst. by the rev. Mr. Grant, Jeremiah Lounsbury, Jun. to Miss Sarah Holmes, second daughter of Col. James Holmes.

DIED,

On the 26th inst. of a consumption, Mrs. Ann Redmond, consort of Mr. Ignatious Redmond, and daughter of Mr. Neil M'Kinnon.

Suddenly, on Thursday evening, Mr. Peter Hall, a branch Pilot of this port, aged 43 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Esther Malcolm, wife of James Malcolm, pilot.

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Our City Inspector reports the death of 38 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

MARIA.

MARIA, fond maid, in the cold grave now sleeping,
Soft, soft blows the gales, and the moon beams at night,
Gleam light o'er thy tomb, where the wild flowers creeping
On a once beaten heart, ah! lie gentle and light.

For Maria was gay when she hail'd the fair morning
Of childhood, and heedless of sorrow to come;
The bright glow of health her young cheeks were adorning,
A stranger to care, she would cheerfully roam.

But many a rose has been nipt in the blossom,
And wither'd, alas! ere its leaves could expand;
Poor Maria, the canker-worm enter'd her bosom,
And on her, cruel death laid his cold wither'd hand.

In the grave, ah! she feels not the faithless affection
Of him who once promis'd a friendship sincere;
No longer distracted by mournful reflexion
Of him who once lov'd her, and who was still dear.

Ah! why, fickle man, as the ocean unstable,
Think, think on the victim who languish'd for thee;
Reflect for a moment, to think thou wert able
From pain and from sorrow that victim to free.

Go visit her grave, while the lingering moon-light
Gleams light o'er a breast thou hast render'd forlorn;
Low, low in the tomb, lies the once lov'd Maria—
Ah! weep faithless man, that she ever was born.

On the green flowery turf, where her beauties now moulder,
Shed the tear of soft pity that once was deny'd;
Let mem'ry now soften a heart that was colder
Than the clay-cold remains of thy once promis'd bride.

From the Washington Monitar.

I believe it is well known by those who are acquainted at all with the life and writings of THOMAS PAINE, that he had a very admirable poetical talent. The public have already been favoured with many fine specimens of his abilities in that way, and I now present them with another. The following production, on the tender passion of LOVE, is from the pen of that extraordinary man; and, as far as my judgment extends, will add to his celebrity. I do not know that it has ever appeared in print before.

THOMAS PAINE
TO SIR ROBERT SMITH.

As I will not attempt to rival your witty description of Love, (in which you say, "Love is like paper credit, with a fool, it is wit; with a wit, it is folly;") I will retreat to sentiment, and try if I can match you there: and that I may start with a fair chance, I will begin with your own question,

WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis that delightsome transport we can feel,
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
Nor any art we know of can conceal.

Can'st thou describe the sun-beams to the blind?
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show
This first of all felicities below.

When happy Love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll.
When contemplation spreads its rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new transport brings,
How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams prolong the transports of the day;
We live in exstacy, to all things kind,
For Love can teach a moral to the mind.
But are there not some other thoughts that prove
What is this wonder of the soul, call'd Love?
O! yes, there are, but of a different kind,
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind.
Some jealous fury throws its poison'd dart,
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.
When Love's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,
No hope remains to thought but in the grave:
In that dark den it sees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.

What are the iron chains the hands have wrought?
The hardest chain to break is made of thought.
Think well of this ye lovers, and be kind,
Nor play with torture on a tortur'd mind.

EPIGRAM.

At a certain whist party four jolly dogs met,
Dick, Hal, Jack, and Tom, were the names of the set;
Dick and Harry were partners, and had counted to eight—
"I've a notable hand, cries Dick to his mate.
Hal cries, "shew your cards, we've surely the game,"
Then laid down his hand, and Dick did the same.
"What the devil is this," cried Hal, in the dumps,
"Why, Dick, you've no aces, nor faces nor trumps;"
"That proves what I said," with a smile replies Dick,
"'Tis a *not-a-ble* hand, which can't take a trick."

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